INTRODUCTION

THERE is AN ENORMOUS literature on India which grows daily, and it is perhaps rash indeed to add to'it. The writer feels that he would never have had the courage to do so, had he not been urged on by his friends.

Looking at some of the books on India, they seem to fall roughly into four categories. First of all, there are the essays in the picturesque and the sensational. These tend to exploit India's backwardness either for purposes of supplying a demand or to prove that India is not fit for self-government. Among these one may include the writings of Sir George MacMunn, Miss Mayo and the strange blend of Fascism and mysticism of Yeats-Brown.

Then there are the reporters; most of these are able to write interestingly, because they are trained observers. One may refer to the books of George Slocombe, Glorney Bolton and Margharita Barnes and the forthcoming book on Asia of John Gunther.

Thirdly there are the intelligent globe-trotters; I doubt whether it is possible to get any idea of the complexity of India in a cold-weather visit. Some hasty talks with kindly Nationalist leaders and a visit to an official bungalow are no equipment for pontificating on India. Mr. Basil Mathews has recently written such a book, which, despite its un-doubtedly good intentions, betrays a meretricious style and a superficiality, inevitable under the given conditions. One of the best of such books \yas*Halide Edib's *Inside India.* This intelligent and cultured Turkish lady succeeded in getting beneath the skin a little and her book is valuable as a picture of some tendencies, especially in Muslim India, but its scope is limited. There are innumerable little